"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

The Christian Freeman.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Delightful as it is at this time of the year to live amidst the civilities and compliments of the season, and the best wishes of the heart for prosperity and happiness—beautiful as is the expression of benevolence in the words found just now on every lip, scarcely ever spoken insincerely, "*A Happy New Year*"—we must not misunderstand in our festivities how and where true happiness is to be found. To be told a man is prosperous in business, or elevated to the summit of society, and surrounded with all the sunshine of earthly splendour, is far from being informed this makes him happy. All who seek to be happy through wealth, and worldly gain, do seek for that treasure in vain. Your social condition may be vastly superior to that of some neighbour, whose happiness you have learned to know is immensely superior to yours. Sensual pleasures and mere animal gratifications are not the food which satisfies the soul and creates peace and content in the heart. There are thousands around us deceived in these things, and their lives rendered miserable in this deception, living in the richest homes, and surrounded by every luxury, with unnumbered attendants they can command to wait upon them, yet they have not happiness as one of their handmaidens or household guests. They can point to no single thing they need so much as Happiness. We truly wish all our readers a "Happy New Year;" meanwhile we must not forget what our religion has taught us, and what the experience of every life continually verifies; this great boon, this flower of life, is not to be found but where virtue dwells. How many are miserable with all other means of happiness at hand! They have time to do good, but they do it not. Enough, and to spare, but they spare nothing. They ought to be miserable, and they are. Much of the grief in every rank of life has its source in wasted opportunities, and a neglect of the faculties God has so kindly given. If we would be happy, then, we must be up and doing. We must exercise every power we possess, and culture every lineament of the soul by benevolent labour, by incessant activity, by being virtuously busy. There are a thousand and one miseries which find a harbour in the slothful soul—in the indolent dreamer about doing good. Happiness does not spring from the thought of doing, or the power to do it, but to the active who set about it, and do it, she waits on them and breathes peace. Our nature has been made, as well, to find our happiness in the contemplation of God, in devout devotion and sincere prayer. Fitted to survey the works of Providence, the harmonies of the universe, the infinite variety of created things; here an open, pure, and admiring soul finds calm and sublime delights in this school of thought, academy of beauty, and temple of praise. No satiety or remorse in these enjoyments. Would you be happy, love God, love nature, and love the happiness of mankind. God has made us to be pre-eminently blest in our love of man, happy in the happiness simply exposed to our view, a generous joy in the good fortune of others. All the year round we may drink in pleasure by the force of sympathy in others' welfare, and rejoice with all who do rejoice.

What a theme for gratitude that God has capacitated us to be made happy with the sensations of another's mind and the exulting smile of other's good fortune. So, then, we say once more, it is not what *we have*, but what *we are*, that constitutes our chief delight. On this sure basis may all our readers stand, and possess A Happy 1867.

THE HOLINESS OF HELPFULNESS.

BY REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

GEORGE STEPHENSON was getting ready to go to the Methodist meeting. He was a young man just at that period in life when young men go to the meeting more and more until they are brought directly under the influence of the Master Spirit of the place, and become in a sense religious men. There is not much doubt in my mind, as I read this young man's life up to this time, that he is in a fair way to that preferment. He has that thread of natural piety and goodness in his nature that is almost sure to draw him into a more intimate relation with the forms and industries of the recognised religious life about him, if nothing prevent. I said he was getting ready to go to the meeting, when a neighbour came to tell him that he was wanted. He was then running an engine at a coal-pit. There was another pit between this and his home, which he passed every day, that had been flooded with water, so that the men were beaten out. The company got a steam-pump to clear the pit, and kept it at work for twelve months, with no success at all. The water, when they had been pumping twelve months, was as deep as when they first began to pump, and the wives and children were starving for bread. This young Stephenson had a most active energy and fervent spirit toward whatever went by steam. The great ambition of his boyhood was to run an engine, and when he rose to that position, as he did very soon—for it is a cheering fact, that while a man may long for a hundred things and not get one, a boy hardly ever fails to accomplish *his* purpose, if he has a genuine hunger to be, or to do some particular thing,—when this boy rose to the position he wanted, he treated his engine as if he loved her. Whenever there was a holiday and the works were stopped, instead of going out with the rest, he studied her until she became as familiar to him as his own right hand. Intimate with the charge that was laid upon him, he soon began to perceive why those women and children were starving. The difference between what the pump was, and what it ought to be, was the difference between a tall, slender, narrow-chested man, and a short, sturdy, broad-chested man engaged in digging earth or scooping out water. Every pump owner in the country-side had tried to mend this pump and failed,—because, I suppose, pump-mending and engine-running with them was a business and not a passion. This young man with the fervent spirit said one day, as he went past the pit, "I can clear that pit in a week;" and they laughed him to scorn. But they could not laugh the water to scorn; and so at last they sent for him to come and try his hand. He went there instead of going to the church. He went into the pit on a Sunday morning, and worked all that day, and until the next Sunday, cleared out all the water in a week, and sent the men down to earn their children bread. From that time the young man comes into notice. He works through all sorts of opposition, and never rests until he has got an engine to run fifty miles an hour. He is, more than any other man, entitled to be called the father of the railroad system. He kept the diligent hand and fervent heart right on to the end of his life. He was a good husband, a good father, a good friend, and a good citizen. But it is a curious fact that, from the time when he was prevented from going to meeting on that Saturday night, he never seems to have gone, or to have thought of going again, to the end of his life. He did not turn religious, as we say, even when he had nothing else to do, but lived a kindly, sunny, or shadowy, faithful life right on to the end, and then died quietly, and made no sign; never said he feared he had done wrong in turning from that church to that coal-pit, and trying to mend the pump on Sunday, instead of keeping the Sabbath day holy by doing nothing. Indeed, it never seems to have occurred to him to think the matter over in any way whatever; his heart was too full, and his hand too busy about engines, to find room for the idea; to find time, as we should say, to *save his soul.* And so it brings up a question that to me has a good deal of interest, namely: While this man was so busy and so fervent in the way I have noted, did he also serve the Lord? or, from the moment he turned aside from the meeting and began to lose that sense and liking for meetings and their peculiar services, did he cease to serve the Lord

altogether, and remaining only diligent in business and fervent in spirit, go out of this world into murk darkness and despair?

Now, I am well aware what the common answer to such a question would be, "Well, we must leave him in the hands of God; we cannot answer the question, because we have no data." Now, that is not true. If he had been an idle good-for-nothing, a scampish sharper, an abandoned libertine, an unprincipled truckler, or a political vulture, and six months before his death, or six weeks, or six days, had repented of his sin, had led a good and pure life, adopted religious ideas like those commonly held, and said clearly that he believed God had pardoned his sins, and would take him to heaven, the people in general would feel the utmost confidence of that man's safety from that date. But they do not feel sure for this other man. It is a great mystery, they say, and we must leave him in the hands of God.

Now, this looks to me like a piece of injustice on the very face of it. I think if a man could be brought face to face with the question as I have stated it, and as it really stands in the common theological systems; could see these men brought up before what are called our evangelical churches, having never heard of these peculiar religious ideas up to that time; could see the men examined, and then observe which man was sent upward and which downward by these standards, his conclusion would be that there was something radically, utterly wrong in their premises; and I can well imagine such a man would argue for a new trial.

I have not brought up this question to prove that the man I have mentioned for illustration was saved—though the common interpreters of the Christian doctrine claim that it was impossible he should be saved by their standards—but to make the man, as he represents an idea of very great importance in our life, the basis of some discussion of a segment, at least, of true religion—I say a segment, because religion in all its reaches is as boundless as the Spirit of God and the infinitely varied life of man can make it, and there can be no exhaustive system of religion in the hard, dry sense of the term.

Now the vital point in the question at issue turns on whether, what a man thinks and feels, or what he does, is to be considered the essential element in his life. Whether a certain sort of ideas, feelings, and industries in relation to what we agree to call religion, are to be counted the great elements in the nobility of this life, and the safety of the life to come; or whether to do faithfully, with or without them, the one good thing which the passionate heart of the man indicates that he was created to do, is the true way to live. I think the honest verdict of the human heart turns to the deed.

The helpful life is the holy life. Holiness is help. Sin is hindrance. At whatever point we touch life to help it, in whatever way we help the world and do not hinder it, whether by our prayers, and songs, and sermons, and industry—in whatsoever thing we do, if we really help and do not hinder, then that is a holy life. And in whatever way we hinder the world, and stand in the way of its life, its healthy, hearty growth, by doing what will hurt or hinder men in the largest sense, then that, being the reverse of helpful, is a sinful life.

Here, then, was the great use of the man I have noted for illustration—he was not the heart, but the hand in the body of Christ—yes he *was* the hand, and his mission was to be strong, diligent, faithful, true to his trust, and let all the rest take care of itself. God raised him up to inaugurate railroads; woe to him if he does not do that. He will endanger his soul if he neglects that; his place on that Sunday was in the coal-pit; woe to him if the Master comes and finds him in the meeting. The great problem for him to solve is not whether he is going to be happy in the meeting, or happy on his death-bed, or happy at all on this earth, but is he going to be helpful in the one supreme way in which God has made him to be helpful. If he cannot be a true husband, and father, and friend, and man, and machine-maker except he belongs to the Church, then at his peril he fails to join. If the Church and its religious ideas, emotions, and inspiration are needed to make a good man, if he is not already faithful, strong, and loving—and if the Church can aid him to be all that, as I believe it can, then he must seek the Church; but if all that is in him, then God is in him to will and to do of his good pleasure, and when he carries

his work up to the throne, God will say, "Well done."

And so entirely does this helpfulness make our holiness, that the same deep and strong principle is made to reach clean across the worlds, and in the life to come, to give the faithful helper more power to help, as the best gift of God in heaven.

"How can we doubt that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do?"

FIFTY OBSCURE AND MIS-TRANSLATED PASSAGES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

No book is held in so much estimation, and deservedly so, as the New Testament, and yet it is everywhere very imperfectly understood. Strange and perplexing doctrines are supposed to emanate from its pages. Dark and unmeaning texts, in our English translation, have not a little contributed to some speculative errors and mental confusion. Every obscure passage and phrase has been seized hold of by those who are fond of finding mysterious hints in its pages. Many of the errors now common among the churches would be obviated by a new translation, and some very pernicious doctrines rooted out by a scholarly knowledge of the original text. We must all do what we can to hasten the day of an authorised new translation of the whole Bible. In no way can we better help this movement than by being able to point out among our friends and neighbours the obscurities and errors found in our common Bible. A dozen or two texts, in the memory, erroneously rendered, and ability to point out words and phrases now obsolete and still in the present text, will aid this good work. It is very true only a few have the scholarship necessary to do this, but we have been assisted, and may all be helped, by Mr. Samuel Sharpe's translation of the Old and New Testament, which costs only a few shillings; and his "Critical Notes on the New Testament" is a cheap and valuable book. We propose, from the pages of these works, to point out to our readers a few of the alterations in the text of the New Testament.

Mr. Sharpe very justly remarks that some of the words in our Bible have gone out of use and others have entirely altered their meaning. The word "prevent," which formerly meant "to go before and to help us," now means "to hinder." The words "by and by," formerly meaning "at once," "in a moment," now refer very indefinitely to the future. The meaning of Scripture, by such words in our Bible, becomes perverted. The words "Holy Ghost" conveys a wrong impression, and should be "Holy Spirit." The words "fire of hell" in the original are "fire of gehenna," or, literally, fire in the valley of the Son of Hinnom. The word "hell" has lost its original meaning. And the constant recurrence in the Gospel of the word "devils" conveys an entirely wrong meaning from the original "demons."

There has been considerable attention lately directed to the passage in Paul's epistle 2 Timothy, iv. 13, "The cloke that I left at Troas." The Ritualists make this out to be some "priestly vestment," but Mr. Sharpe shows it was "*a bag*" which Paul left as he journeyed on foot from Troas to Jerusalem. And many of the unhappy disputes in Churches might be ended by a better knowledge of the original.

"His bishoprick let another take" ought to be "*his charge*, or overseership." The New Testament says nothing about "*bishops*," in the original text.

"That *at* the name of Jesus every knee should bow:" "*in* the name of Jesus every knee should bow." Many Roman Catholic and High Church practices are founded in a misconception of the meaning of the Scriptures. "In the name" means in the Spirit of Jesus we should worship God.

Here is an important alteration, "The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved," a kind of Calvinistic view of salvation. The original is, "Such as were being saved." So with the following texts:—

"Whom He will He hardeneth" is corrected thus, "He is severe towards." This is a very different thing, and implies moral agency; the other rendering denies moral agency.

In the xii. of John, 40th verse, where God is supposed by our version to have hardened the hearts of the people and blinded their eyes, Mr. Sharpe shows that

the nominative "He" does not refer to God, as the Almighty is the speaker. "The people hardened their own hearts." This text is therefore saved from Calvinistic theology.

The text in Luke xii. 23, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" is "Lord, are they that are being saved few?"

Then, again, there are numerous texts very obscure now rendered intelligible. Take the following:—"Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," is "strain *out* a gnat and drink down a camel." In that country this little insect, a gnat, often troublesome, was strained out of the drinks not strained *at*.

Heb. viii. 3, "Without father, without mother, without descent," is simplified, "without genealogy."

A very mysterious passage in 1 Cor. xi. 10, is simplified, "The woman ought to have *power* on her head because of the angels." Mr. Sharpe says, "The women sat in the early synagogues in sight of the preachers, and the apostle advises, in this text, that they ought in sight of the preachers (not angels) to sit with a covering on their heads." The word "*power*" seems to have been the name of the head dress.

"All Scripture *is* given by inspiration." The "*is*" should be taken out, as it is not in the original. This makes a great alteration of the text.

"That He might deliver us from this present evil world" means "from this present *evil age*."

"What shall they do who are baptized for the dead" is "who are being baptized for the dead." Paul is referring to the trials men are meeting in the hope of resurrection.

"Except a man be born again" ought to be "Born from above." The Jewish ideas were low, and political, the ideas of Christ were "moral and heavenly." This is the new birth: no mystery here.

In Luke xxii. 29, in our version, the disciples are promised a kingdom, whereas, in fact, Christ said, "I appoint that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom."

"If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus" is translated "If I fought with beasts at Ephesus in the shape of men."

"He will reprove the world of sin and of righteousness" ought to have been "Convince the world."

It would appear that we may be wrong in supposing that Lazarus was a beggar, for the text inform us, "there was a certain poor man." It is the same word in Matt. v. 3, "Blessed are the poor—" not beggars.

The passage in Luke ii. 1, which informs us that all the world should be taxed is rendered "should be *registered*," a considerable difference.

The passage in Romans i. 18, "Who hold the truth in unrighteousness," stands corrected, "Who keep back the truth in unrighteousness." How serious a matter it is that we should have so imperfect a translation of so valuable a book as the New Testament for our common reading.

"The just shall live by faith" is simplified by the rendering "He that is righteous by faith shall live." This no doubt refers to a righteousness by Christianity rather than by the ceremonial works of the law.

In Acts xxi. 15, "We took up our carriages," ought to have been "*our bundles*."

"Mary, the wife of Cleophas," was "Mary *the mother* of Clopas." A number of serious errors like the above are corrected.

A great number of passages in the New Testament which speak of "this world and the world to come," are rendered more simple and expressive by "the age and the age to come."

The speech of Paul to the Athenians is much improved by "you are *rather* superstitious," and then again, "Whom therefore ye worship without knowing;" and much more consistent with the original, and with the politeness of St. Paul.

A very important alteration we find in Acts xxiv. 14, "Believing all things which are written in the law, and in the prophets," stands "all that is *according* to the law," *i.e.*, the *spirit* of the law, "and written in the prophets," *i.e.*, the *letter* of the prophets. Our present translation makes Paul an adherent of both the letter of the law and the prophets, which is not correct.

Many of the passages on which our Trinitarian brethren rest their arguments are very faulty translations, as the following show:—

"Hereby perceive we the love of *God* because he laid down his life for us." The word "God" has been inserted in the English translation without any such word in the original.

"Who being the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person," is rendered a "*ray* of his glory, and an image impressed by his substance."

"God was manifest in the flesh." The word "God" is not in the original. "He who was," or "one who was manifest in the flesh."

"Thought it not robbery to be equal with God." This thoroughly misleads the reader from the spirit of the passage, which is to teach humility. "Thought not the being as God a thing to be seized."

The accusation of the Jews against Christ, "Thou makest thyself God," is translated, "thyself a god:" and the answer of Christ is consistent with this charge. There was no fear of the Jews making so foolish an accusation against Christ as that he made himself, "the Almighty God."

"Before Abraham was I am," is much more intelligible and correct, "Before Abraham was born I was he," *i.e.*, the Messiah, in the mind of God.

"By whom also he made the worlds." "made the ages."

In the passage where John the Baptist speaks of Christ as "before him," understood as precedency in time, Mr. Sharpe renders them, "He was my superior or chief," *i.e.*, precedency in office.

If in the few first verses of John's Gospel, the word *it* instead of him, had been used as it ought in passages like the following, "All things were made by *it*," *i.e.*, the wisdom of God, much confusion and misunderstanding of this proem of John would have been avoided.

Rom. ix. 5, "Who is over all God blessed for ever," is rendered, "He that is God over all, be blessed for ever." Mr. Sharpe adduces sufficient proof to show that this is the proper rendering.

"If thou wilt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus," is, "That Jesus is the Lord."

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many," is "To take away the sins of many."

"We preach Christ crucified," is "A crucified Christ." Some of the people of that day were offended at the idea of a crucified Messiah; it was not so with Paul.

"As God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." There is no word equivalent to the word "*sake*," and is, therefore, properly, "As God by Christ hath forgiven you."

Rom. v. 2, "By whom we have now received the atonement," ought to have been "*the reconciliation*." The word atonement, ever in the mouths of preachers, never occurs in the original of the New Testament.

Surely there is sufficient proof of the necessity of a *revised translation:* and now we would advise every family to possess Mr. Sharpe's New Testament, which has been pronounced by the *Churchman*, and also the *Ecclesiastic*, as "the most correct English version in existence, either of the whole or any portion of the New Testament."

SABBATH MORNING.

Hush! 'tis the call to prayer;
Oh come away;
For a brief hour from care
Gather to pray:
Like as a land-breeze sweet
Unto the homeward bound;
So is this call to meet
Where God is found.

Aged, with locks of snow,
Weary and worn;
Youth with the glorious brow,
Manhood so stern;
Life hath enough of care
In store for all,
Ye need this hour of prayer—
List to its call.

Ye from your happy homes,
Cheerful and glad;
Ye that all homeless roam,
Desolate, sad;
Ye with hard hands of toil,
Turn for an hour,
From life's harsh turmoil.
Its feverish power.

Great Father, glad we come
Thy name to bless;
Bend to us from thy throne
Of holiness;
Break from each heart the chain
Sin bindeth fast;
Let us all meet again
In Heaven at last.

ATHERTON.

UNITY CHURCH, ISLINGTON.

UNITY CHURCH, ISLINGTON.

THIS handsome place of worship occupies a very conspicuous position in the Upper-road, Islington, London, and is quite close to the well-known parish church of St. Mary. The style of architecture is the English gothic, and the edifice is enriched by a number of memorial windows erected by present members of the congregation in memory of departed ancestors whose places they now fill. It contains sittings for 500 persons, and has in the rear a commodious school-room, in which divine service was conducted during the erection of the church.

The congregation dates its existence from an early period in the history of Protestant Nonconformity. It was established originally in 1667, in Meeting House-court, Blackfriars, under the pastorate of the Rev. Matthew Sylvester, who occupied the pulpit until 1708, having as his assistants during portions of this time the celebrated Richard Baxter and Dr. Calamy. Mr. Sylvester was succeeded by Dr. Samuel Wright, a popular minister in his day; and about two years after his election the chapel was destroyed by the mob in the High Church Sacheverel riots, but speedily repaired. In 1721 the congregation purchased and removed to other premises in St. Ann's, Blackfriars, which they occupied for rather more than thirteen years, when they purchased an inn called the Saracen's Head, in Little Carter-lane, Doctors' Commons, and on its site erected the venerable chapel which stood with varied congregational fortunes until the change of times and manners reduced them to so low an ebb as to render another removal essential. The Carter-lane Chapel was opened by Dr. Wright in December, 1734.

Few if any religious bodies can boast a more distinguished succession of ministers than those who have presided over this old-established society. In addition to the names we have already mentioned, we may refer to Dr. Picard the founder of the Orphan Working School, the Rev. Joseph Barrett, the Rev. John Scott Porter, and the Rev. Dr. Hutton. The learned Mr. James Yates in the most disinterested manner occupied the pulpit for several years, at a time when the resources of the congregation were so diminished as to preclude them from offering any adequate remuneration for pastoral services.

The most exciting period in the history of the society was during the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Hoppus, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in University College, London, when a very determined effort was made by the introduction of new members to wrest the chapel from the hands of liberal Dissenters and obtain it for the orthodox party. This attempt was happily frustrated by the zealous vigilance of the old members, who maintained possession of the chapel, and Mr. Porter was chosen as successor to Dr. Hoppus.

On the removal of the congregation to Islington it was feared that the schools and other benevolent institutions which had been supported by it would have to be discontinued. Fortunately suitable premises in the neighbourhood just became then vacant and were secured, and the result has been the establishment of the Carter-lane Mission, by which a greater amount of good is effected than was accomplished even in the days of the old chapel, while the congregation at Unity Church support their own day and Sunday schools, and the good work of philanthropy has thus been more than doubled.

Unity Church was opened in August, 1862, on St. Bartholomew's Day, the day of the anniversary of the ejection of the 2.000 Presbyterian Ministers from the Church of England 200 years before. The introductory service was conducted by the Rev. Henry Ierson, M.A., the minister of the congregation, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Thomas Madge.

The following is a list of the ministers of the congregation from 1667 to the present time, those marked (*a*) having been assistants. The Rev. Matthew Sylvester, Richard Baxter (*a*), Edmund Calamy, D.D. (*a*), Samuel Stephens (*a*), Samuel Wright, D.D., Jeremiah Burcough (*a*), Thomas Newman, Edward Picard, John Tailor (*a*), Thomas Taylor, John Fuller (*a*), George Lewis (*a*), George Watson (*a*), Joseph Barrett, John Hoppus, John Scott Porter, R. M. Montgomery, James Yates, Joseph Hutton, LL.D., Henry Solly, and Henry Ierson, who commenced his ministry in the Carter-lane Chapel in the year 1857.

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY AN OLD FRIEND.

Have we fully considered the force of these words :—"It is more blessed to give than to receive?" Our Heavenly Father is ever giving, and, therefore, to think of Him is bliss.

If we observe carefully the root of evil in the world we may see that the most prosperous men, as well as the most poverty-stricken, are unhappy if they are selfish. Excessive self-love gnaws the heart's core, and withers every blossom of comfort or joy from childhood to age.

Under all the evils of human life the generous man is consoled, is occupied with good intentions or actions, and cannot mourn long or despairingly. He looks up to infinite benevolence with joy; he looks forward to some one's pleasure if not to his own.

Is there an earthly unmixed enjoyment greater than maternal and paternal and conjugal love, if disinterested? Why do not parents and governors seek to give this ever happy feeling to their children from the very first dawn of sensation, making them enjoy to impart, half at least of whatever they have or like—as soon as intellect can act; setting them to search out the best of their companions, the most truthful, the most faithful, the most self-sacrificing to honour, and give to?

Annihilate excessive self-love in the world, and what a happy place it would become! Even the most apparently helpless situation from natural evils brightens into a scene of heroism and fervent hope. A boat full of men escaped from shipwreck some time ago, and it was delightful to read how all were eager to share their food and succour rather than engross it themselves; they lost all fear, like English sailors, and were insensible to danger and suffering. So those used to tend the sick never know the pain of fear for themselves. If only, from the workhouse to the palace, half of every possession, food, money, thought, and time were steadily devoted to others, and not to individual self, a habit of care would be generated that would transform every life into a state of happiness. Instead of ambition, war, slavery, and excessive luxury, we might see the general good, the object of all, the delight of all—all ever looking up to the Fountain of Excellence!

CHRISTMAS AT THE CHARITY SCHOOL.

"Mamma—you don't know what I've seen down street!" said little Lucie Dormel as she ran into her mother's room a few days before Christmas. "No, dear, I'm sure I don't; but then you are talking very loud; you forget that I'm not deaf." "But, mamma, I saw a talking dolly. It could say 'papa,' 'mamma,' 'goodbye,' and 'good morning'—it was so pretty—but then it cost a hundred francs!" and Lucie looked rather timid, as if she was sure that was a great deal of money for a dolly. "A hundred francs! why, Lucie, that would make many poor children very happy. I should like to give you the dolly for a Christmas present, but I think I could not afford it." The tears came into Lucie's eyes, and her mother drew her up to her side, and, kissing her said: "Don't you think you could be happy with some other Christmas present?"

"I don't know, mamma, I will try;" and she kept the tears from running down her cheek, and all at once brightened up, and said: "When I get real large—most as tall as you are—ever so many years old—let me see—sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen—then will you be rich enough, do you think?"

"That time is a long way off, but I'll think about it; now put away your things, and finish learning your lesson."

Lucie had just finished her lesson, and put away her book, when her Uncle Charles came in. He was a middle-aged man, but had never married, and was very fond of his little niece.

"How are you, pet? I think I saw you peeping into the shop windows a little while ago. What did you see?"

"Oh, Uncle Charles! I saw such a splendid talking dolly—so handsome—say Uncle Charles, do you think you could ——" Here Lucie stopped suddenly, seeing her mother shaking her head at her.

"Well, could I what? What is it? tell me all about it. Have you been wishing for dolly for a Christmas present?"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Charles, ever and ever

so much; but then it costs so much—a hundred francs—" and here those naughty little tears came again.

"Never mind, pet—a hundred francs is a good deal of money, but then we will think about it."

Lucie put her arms around his neck, and said: "I hope you will think real hard." Her uncle laughed, and said: "I came in to ask your mamma if she would let you go to visit the Charity School with me to-morrow."

"Please do, mamma—I should like it so much."

"Certainly, my child, if your uncle is willing to be troubled with you."

"Well, Lucie, you be ready soon after breakfast, and I will come with a carriage, and we will go and see the children, then afterwards drive into Chapon-street, and look at that wonderful dolly, and talk about the price. Ah that makes your eyes sparkle. Goodbye, pet."

Every few minutes during the rest of the day Lucie would say: "I wonder if Uncle Charles will buy me the beautiful dolly—won't I be glad if he does?"

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning Lucie hurried on her hat and cloak and gloves, and stood by the window watching every carriage. In a little while her uncle came in. "All ready? Bundle up, for it is very cold, and talking dollies will not keep you warm."

Lucie ran down the stairs and jumped into the carriage, and away they went. After turning half a dozen corners and through as many streets, they stopped before a plain-looking house. Lucie asked her uncle how many children there were in the school. He told her "eighty-four little children under six years old."

As they entered the school-room, Lucie saw sixty poorly clothed, but well behaved children.

They were standing and saying in concert b-a ba, b-e be, b-i bi. They all stopped and took their seats as soon as the mistress saw Lucie and her uncle. "You sit here by the stove while I talk with the teacher," said her uncle. Lucie heard the teacher say that there were twenty children out of school, because they had no clothes. This made Lucie feel badly, and she turned around to hear what the children were talking about near her.

A little boy with black eyes and sad face, said to a little girl near him: "That's the nice man that came here just before Christmas last year, and don't you remember he gave me such a nice blue coat? but then I never wore it but once, for mamma had to sell it when Charlotte was so sick, for we got so hungry. I'm afraid he won't give me another." The little fellow looked so sad, Lucie almost cried. She told him not to feel bad, she would ask her uncle about it.

A little girl said to her sister: "I do hope he will give me a pair of shoes; mine are so big I lose them all the time."

A pale, sickly-looking child on the bench behind Lucie, said: "I wish he would give me just one toy; I never had one in my life, and they do look so nice in the windows."

"I'd rather have a piece of bread, and some meat, I'm so hungry. I don't believe I ever had enough to eat in my life."

Lucie was so troubled about the children that she did not hear her uncle call her to go home.

"Come Lucie," said he the second time. "I'm ready to go now." As they went out of the room she seemed to be thinking, and got into the carriage as if she did not know where she was. Her uncle said to the coachman, "Drive us to Chapon-street."

Lucie looked up, and said, "Are you going to the toy shop?"

"Yes dear, to see the dolly."

"But, uncle, I think I don't want to look at it."

"Why, child, what's the matter?"

"Because if I look at it again I shall want it so much," and back came the tears again, for it was hard for her to give up the dolly.

"Is there anything you would like better?"

"I'm sure, if you are willing, I think those poor little children need some clothes; and then some are hungry; I heard them say so. And one little boy never had a toy in his life, and I have had ever so many."

"Well, what would you like to do?"

"I cannot tell exactly, but if we could take the hundred francs and buy some Christmas presents for the children, I think I should be glad."

"Are you sure you would not be sorry?"

"I'd try real hard, and I don't think I would." Uncle Charles told the coachman to drive to another shop, where small cheap toys were sold. "I guess we will stop here and buy some toys for the children, if you would like it. We will spend fifty francs for toys, and the rest for something for the children to eat."

So they stopped, and soon bought eighty toys—trumpets, pistols, balls, balloons, and small dolls, and had them all put in a box, and Lucie took them home.

"Mamma, I did not get the dolly," shouted Lucie, forgetting again that her mother was not deaf; then she told her all about her visit.

Her uncle told her that he would buy eighty little loaves of bread, and send some beef to be cooked, and that Lucie could tie up the bread and meat in separate parcels. "And be sure and put some clothes on all those naked dollies, and I will come for you the night before Christmas to go and fix a Christmas tree, and arrange things. Goodbye."

Madame Dormel said she would fix some nice little tarts for all the little ones, and Lucie was wonderfully delighted with her day's work.

When the night came to arrange the tree, Lucie tied a card with the name of the child on each toy, and helped to hang them all on the tree. The bundles of bread and meat were piled on a long table, the tarts were in big baskets, and ever so many parcels of clothing were ready too. When everything was ready they all went home.

The next day, as soon as church was out, Lucie hurried with her mother down the street toward the Charity School. They found the room full of little eager faces. Every one seemed so happy. Soon the parlour door opened, and the children saw the Christmas tree all lighted with the wax candles and covered with toys. They clapped their hands, and Lucie laughed as heartily as any one of them. The toys were soon given to each one, and the parcels of bread and meat to take home; then each one had a bundle of clothing, and then came the tarts. Such a smacking of lips, and such a jolly time was never known there before. The black-eyed boy got a coat, and when Lucie looked for the little pale boy, there he was, wiping the tears away with his sleeve. "What is the matter? haven't you got enough?"

"Oh, yes! I'm so glad, I couldn't laugh—Susan is so hungry at home; but she won't be hungry when I get there, will she? See, I'm going to carry my tart, too; then my little trumpet ——" and the child began to cry again. Lucie went away, for she began to feel like crying too, she was so glad.

The children were sent home, and as the last one went out the door, Lucie said to her mother and Uncle Charles: "A hundred francs would only buy one speaking dolly, and see, there are eighty, and they can all talk. Oh, I've been so happy to-day!"

A PIECE OF BRASS.

THERE is an interesting account in the 18th chapter of the Second Book of Kings, of Hezekiah, removing the high places, breaking the images, cutting down the idolatrous groves of his people, and taking the brazen serpent, so unduly venerated by the Jews, and grinding it to pieces, and calling this object of too much respect "nehushtan," *i.e.*, a piece of brass, a bauble, a toy. To the ritualists of his day what a great Vandal and a heathen would this pious king appear; but God blessed him and approved his work, and history testifies its approval of removing every object, however sacred, when it has become the means of desecrating the human heart.

In our own land at the present day the subject of forms and ceremonies, and the extreme veneration for pieces of wood and stone, and cloth, and brass have become a serious evil. There has been some tendency to the Church of Rome, and this affection has been shown for her fondness of religious dress and show. Our recent increase of wealth, which affords time and means for works of charity and lessening the overwrought condition of many poor men and women, have been turned into channels of Church show, grand religious parade, and ecclesiastical embellishments. Now this is the misuse of our wealth and time, and we are glad to see a strong and indignant feeling rising in the public mind against all this pompous and costly form of

worship, pronouncing it a mere child's play, a toy, a "*piece of brass.*"

If ever an object of interest was worthy of being kept by the Jewish nation surely the *brazen serpent*, the symbol of divine mercy in the wilderness, might have been spared. But no, the pious and reforming king said "Let it go to the dust—it is the source of too much veneration;" and it was ground to powder. This surely ought to teach us watchfulness against the corruption of our worship. The ritual movement in the Church of England, and in any Church, becomes sinful when time, energy, talent, and means are directed to display and the pleasure of the outward senses in attitudes, dresses, incense, music, vestments, altar pieces, and all the externalism of religious worship. We have certainly no authority like the prophet king to enter a crusade against this theatrical religion, but we can pronounce our well-founded conviction of these childish playthings, and say "a piece of brass." One of our papers very properly called the controversy about candles on the altar "a rag and tallow question;" just what the prophet would have said.

We are led for a moment to turn away from these vain and empty shows to say what a god-like mission has the Christian religion, and how does it, too frequently, fulfil that mission to the ignorant, sinful, poor, and broken-hearted. When the human mind asks for bread of knowledge it gives it some strange absurd dogma to believe in, or some fine carved piece of wood or stone to look upon. When the soul pants for God, a priest stands in the way; and when we ask for a fish, we have the scorpion of narrow views and partial salvation. The nations have too long been blinded by ceremonies and shocked by unfeeling doctrines. Instead of clearing the mental eye-balls, dust has been thrown in the face of man. Bondage has been imposed, instead of liberty being proclaimed; and the gospel, which in the mind of Christ was to heal the broken-hearted, in the creeds of the Church has crushed and rendered desolate and sad many millions of souls. Christian simplicity has been bartered away for priestly power and ecclesiastical glory. Professional religion has usurped the place of practical godliness, and the worship of the most High God has been swallowed up by the veneration of some brazen serpent. The love of man and the practice of virtue have been esteemed of far less value than assent to a creed and Church membership.

In an exhibition of paintings, we once saw one of Ward's pictures—the rustic boy in the act of devotion—and it was full of useful meaning. It was a Roman Catholic child, in all the simplicity of nature and true devotion, with hands clasped, body erect, and eyes fixed on heaven; the cross and the beads, and all the symbols of that Church, were lying neglected at the child's feet, they formed no link of fellowship with God; the heart alone was holding communion with its Maker.

There are two extremes to which we can rush in our religious life. We may cut ourselves off from all set times and places, away from the united music and consonance of humanity, isolated and dissonant from the congregated worshippers. This, we think, is not wise, fashioned as our hearts are for friendship with men in every holy and proper pursuit. Then there is the other danger and extreme, the attention so taken up with times, places, and forms, that the very instruments of prayer and praise may receive idolatrous attention. Let us guard against both evils, and above all let us have no parade in the house of prayer—no human glory out of our song of praise; and into all the duties of life let us carry the same spirit, the same charity and grace of quiet goodness and secret mercy which binds us in our daily life and lot to our home and church, to all mankind and God. These are the offerings, and this the spirit, which consecrate all time and space.

THE ONLY TRUE REST.—Lord, I have viewed this world over in which thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing would fit my spirit, and that the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest. Lo! I come to Thee, the Eternal Being, the Spring of Life, the Centre of Rest, the Stay of Creation, the Fullness of all Things. I will join myself to thee; with thee I will lead my life and spend my days, with whom I aim to live forever, excepting when my little time is over to be taken into thtne own eternity.—*Hallam.*

A WORD TO BOYS.

I HAVE often noticed that some boys, and even young men, are ashamed of their mothers; it is a bold assertion, but, nevertheless, to a certain extent true. They are ashamed of the tenderness and care lavished upon them by a thoughtful mother, and think it unmanly to return her fond kiss, or even to be seen receiving her caresses; from earliest boyhood they are afraid of being thought milksops, or "tied to their mother's apron strings," as the saying is, and as they grow up this feeling, unfortunately, too often increases. Bad boys often work upon this weakness, and by laughing at a boy, and taunting him with being afraid of his mother, destroy those holy influences with which a good parent has surrounded her child, and from false shame the boy yields to temptation; and, remember, that when once temptation is yielded to, the next time it is so much harder to resist and after a time the mother has the misery of seeing her child sink into evil, and all because of false shame at the beginning. At large schools how often boys are prevented from saying their prayers for fear of the ridicule of their schoolfellows! Boys, be brave! Never mind the laughter around; think of your loving mother at home, who is praying for her child, and whom you really love so tenderly; think of your Father in heaven, whose love, we are told, exceeds even a mother's; He is watching over you, and sees with joy every effort of your's to do right; and what does the laughter of a crowd of thoughtless boys signify in comparison with the opinion of your earthly and heavenly parents. Besides, even those boys will have a respect for you if they see that you are indifferent to their taunts and determined to pursue the right course. Think of Him, who, when hanging on the cross in all the agony of a painful death, thought of his mother, and, turning to the disciple whom he loved, said to her, "Behold thy son." What love that must have been which could at such a supreme moment think of the loss his mother would sustain at his death, and endeavour to supply a son to the bereaved woman. We are told that He when a child was "subject to his parents," and that "He grew in favour with God and man." Would He have done so, do you think, if he had been disobedient, disrespectful, or ashamed of his parents' authority?

And now, boys, never be ashamed of mother; be proud to gratify her slightest wish, or do her slightest bidding.

What place is there in all the world so sacred as a mother's loving arms? There we lay in our earliest infancy, peacefully cradled and jealously guarded from all harm; in our little childish troubles our first cry is for mother! mother! and we rush to her protecting presence, and sob out our woe in her loving arms, sure of sympathy, and soothed and comforted by her sweet voice and tender caresses. And in later years, when deeper sorrows come —as come they must to all—and we seem crushed to the earth by our weight of anguish, does not the remembrance of our mother's ever ready and loving sympathy bring a gleam of sweet light to our stricken souls, and we turn with yearning longing to her sheltering arms, sure of finding, if not happiness, at least peace in that haven of rest. Oh! cherish her always; in the course of nature you must some day lose her, but act in the present so that you may never forfeit your right to that greatest of all earthly blessings—a mother's loving heart.

OUR MASTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

IMMORTAL love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name,
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!—
Shine out, O light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray.

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear:
Why forward reach or backward look,
For love that clasps like air.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps,
To bring the Lord Christ down,
In vain we search the lowest depths,
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain,
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ears are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above,
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John his smile of love,
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy with inward peace or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old or mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards or seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore,
Of the oblivious years:

But warm, sweet, tender, ever yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all;
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee,
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace the pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong.
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates hates thee, who loves becomes
Therein to thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod.
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one,
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor zealous claim nor rivalry
Divide the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
No place for me or mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven;

How vain, secure in all thou art,
Our noisy championship!—
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well can spare a love of thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

Routine Religion.—The students of a college lately tried the experiment of putting back the mark in the Chapel bible, and succeeded in having the same chapter read every morning for a week by the same professor. They think they have proved thereby that the professor felt very little interest in the service.

The Habitual Use of Spirits.—We are all of us more or less aware of the directly visible injurious effects produced by the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, in the follies and vices, the absorption of all the generous feelings, all the tender humanities, and sweet charities of love, while the heart is held under its sway; but few of us know the full extent of the change produced by it, both in the mental and corporeal faculties. *The British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* shows that the habitual use of spirits arrests that metamorphosis of tissue which is necessary for health, leaving the effete tissue as a useless burden in the body, to be converted into that least vitalised of all the organic constituents, oil and fat, till finally life itself is clogged at the fountain head. Thousands of men, according to the *Review*, who have never been inebriate, annually perish, having shortened their lives by tippling a little every day.

Sensationalism in the Church.—A distinguished divine in the English Church lately surprised the world by this astounding statement—"We had better have a religion without morality, than morality without religion." We think such a minister might apply as below.—"The Sunday evening lectureship of St. James's, Aldgate, in the diocese of London, has become vacant. The following are announced as the conditions:—'Income, from voluntary contributions, depends entirely upon the popularity of the lecturer. Evangelical sentiments and an earnest, rousing style of preaching indispensable.'

Hints for Maintaining Order in the Class.—1. Always be in your seat at least two minutes before the exercises commence.—2. Never absent yourself without sending previous notice to the superintendent.—3. Sit where you can see all your scholars at a glance.—4. Speak in soft, quiet tones.—5. Allow no talking, except about the lesson.—6. Permit no one to leave the classes except in cases of necessity.—7. Teach intelligently, earnestly, prayerfully, expecting to bring your scholars to Christ at once.—*S. S. Times.*

"Almost."—The *Episcopalian* says:—"Almost transubstantiation in the doctrine and administration of the Lord's Supper; our charitable societies almost nunneries; our theological schools almost monasteries; our clergy almost stage-actors and man-milliners; our communion tables almost idolatrous shrines; our choirs almost opera-houses; our bishops almost inquisitors—is there nothing startling to the instincts of Christians in all these things? Is there nothing to make the ears to tingle and the cheeks to blush? Nothing to alarm the fears and to make us tremble for the fate of the Church?"

A Liberal Missionary.—"My friends," said a returned missionary, at a late anniversary meeting, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindoostan, where I have been labouring for a number of years, have a proverb, that 'Though you bathe a dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, you cannot get the *crook* out of it.' Now a man's sectarian bias is simply that crook in the dog's tail, which cannot be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to *wag his own peculiarity in peace!*"

Remember This.—We are always excessive when we sacrifice the higher beauty to the lower one. A woman who will sacrifice domestic affection, conscience, self-respect, honour, to love of dress, we all agree loves dress too much. She loses all the true and higher beauty of womanhood for the beauty of gems and flowers and colours. A girl who sacrifices all her time, all her strength, all her money, to the neglect of the cultivation of her mind and heart, and to the neglect of the claims of others on her helpfulness, is sacrificing the higher to the lower beauty. Her fault is not the love of beauty, but loving the wrong and inferior kind.

A Carlylean Thought.—In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad-foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law and judgment, for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is, therefore, no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times were wise because they denied and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again there is nothing else but justice; one strong thing I find here below—the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich marching at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries to come for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call "Halt," to fling down thy baton and say, "In God's name, no!" Thy success, poor devil—what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust thou hast not succeeded, though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just things lay trampled out of sight to all mortal eyes, an abolished and annihilated thing.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

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